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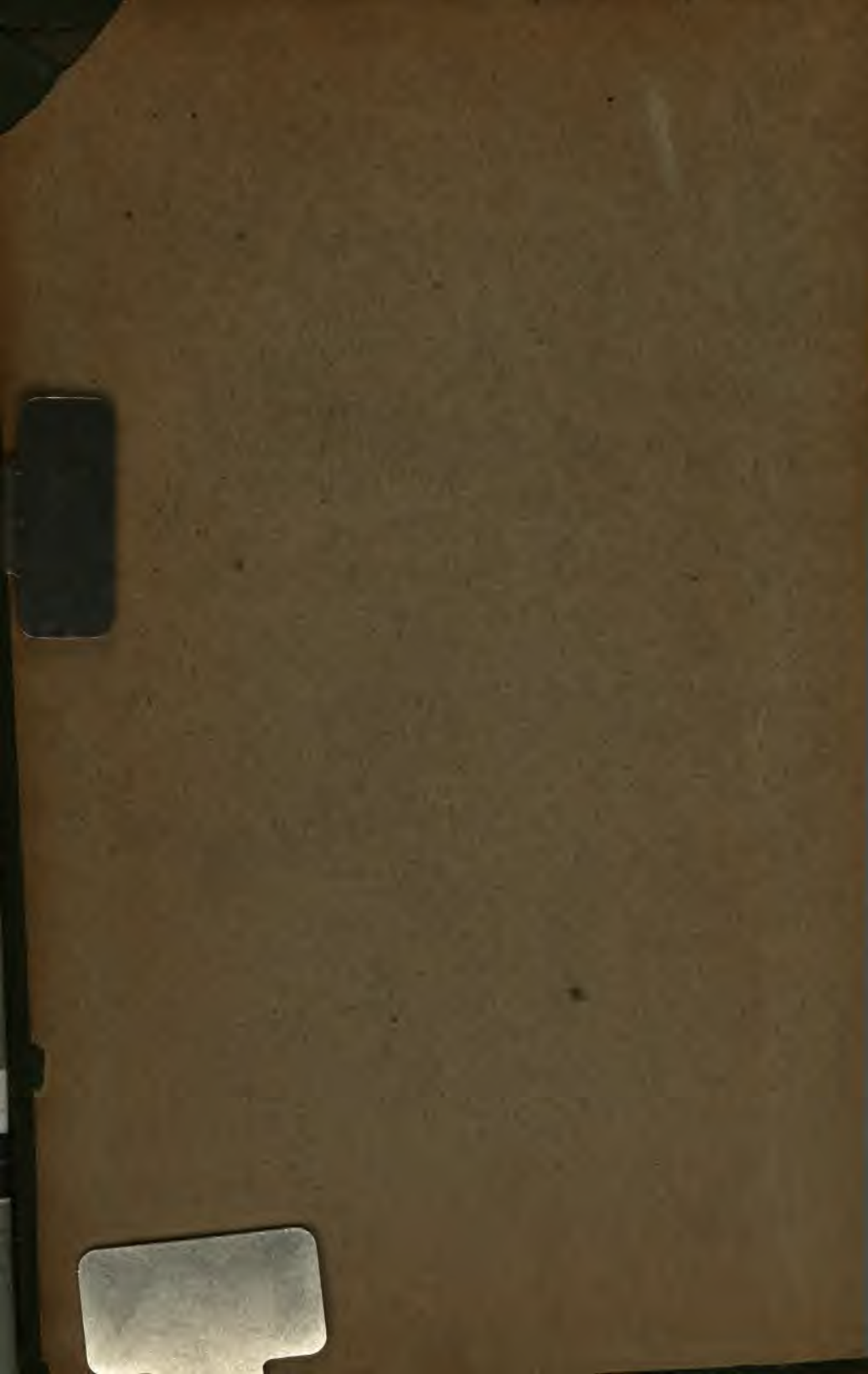
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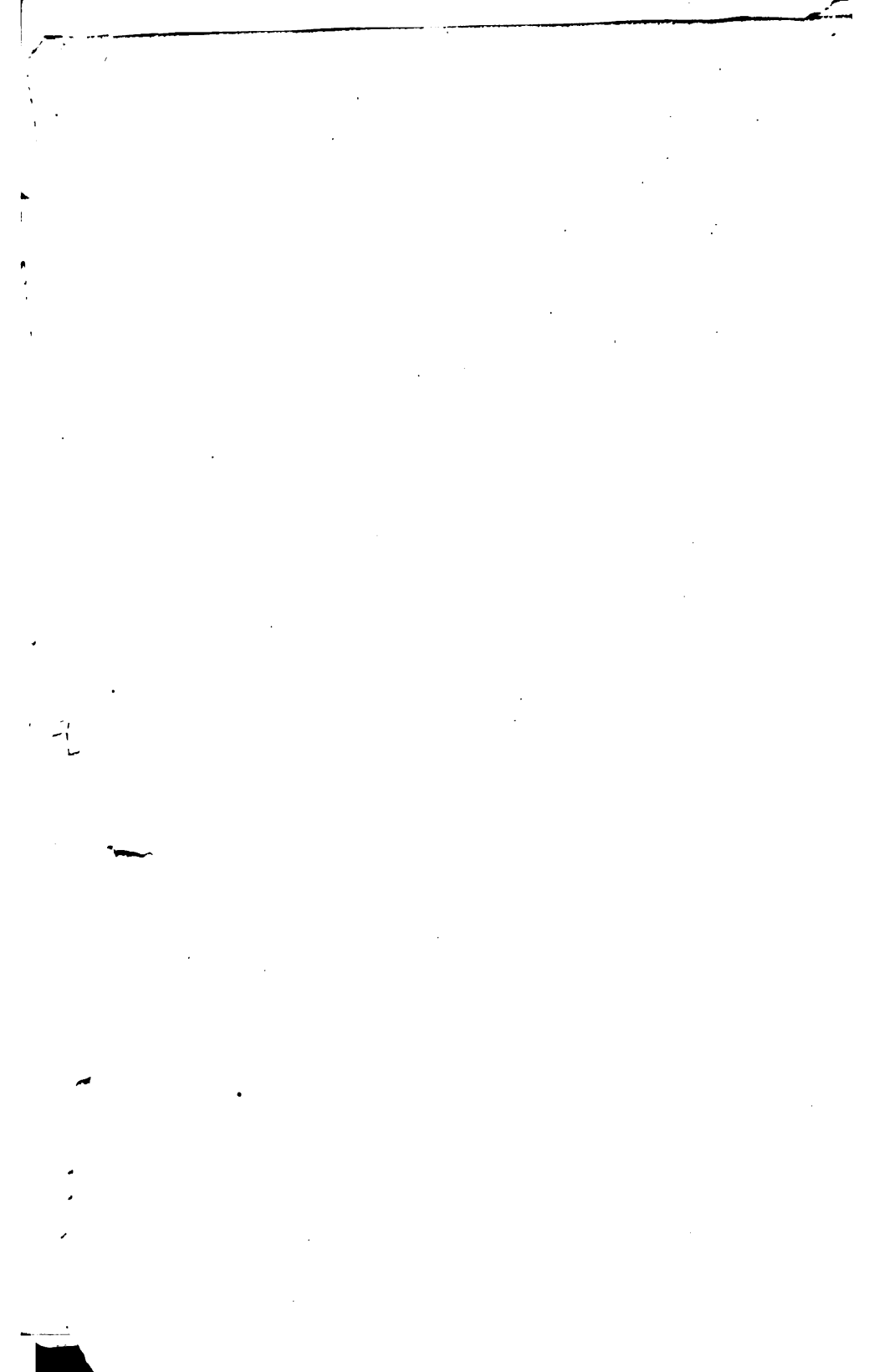
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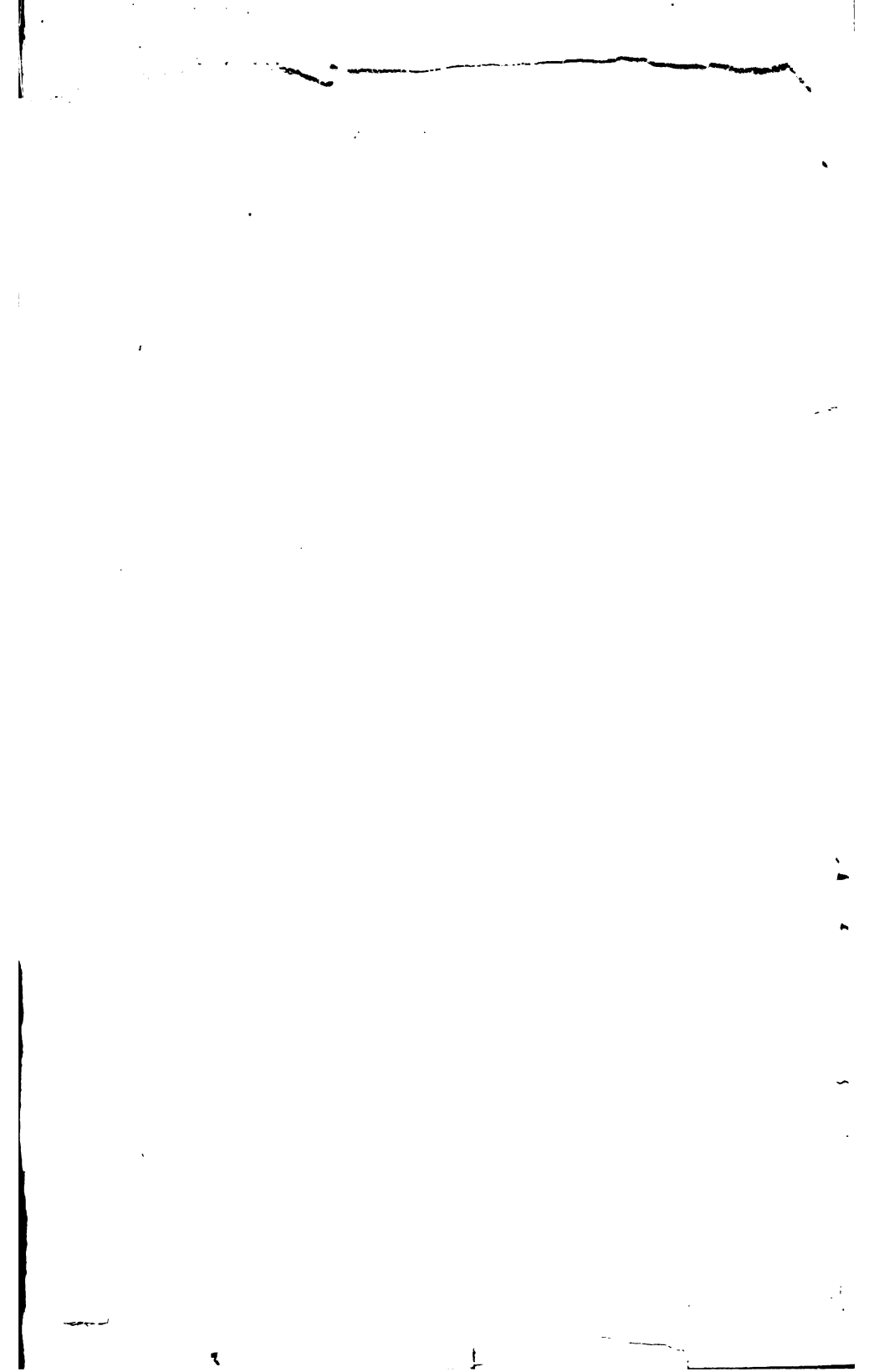


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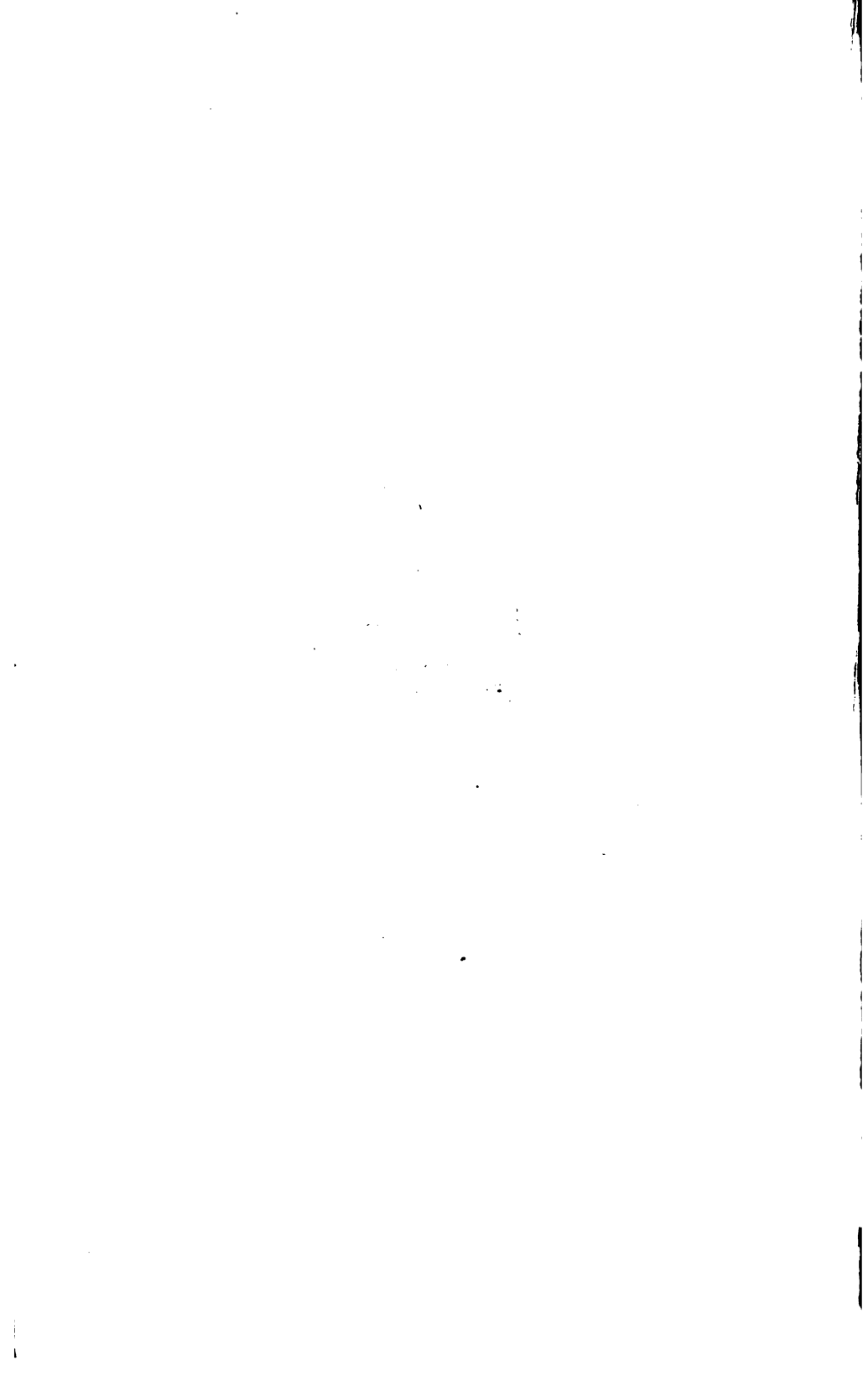






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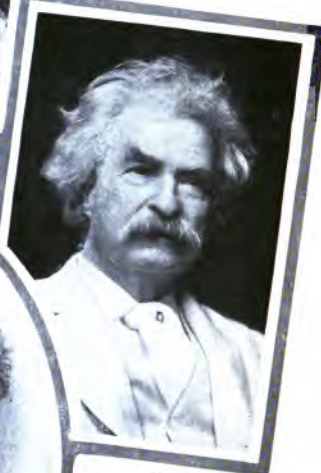
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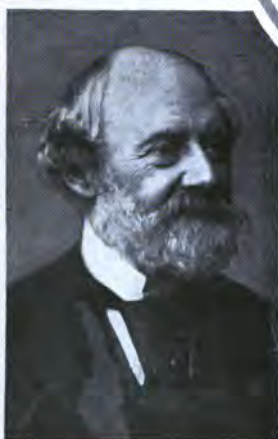
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(C) 1907, A. F. Bradley
MARK TWAIN



CHARLES DICKENS



CHARLES READE



GEORGE ELIOT

A GROUP OF WRITERS OF FAMOUS HARPER SERIALS

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

1850—1917

BY
ROBERT SHACKLETON



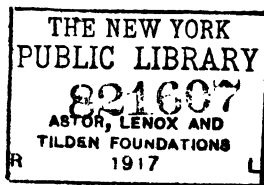
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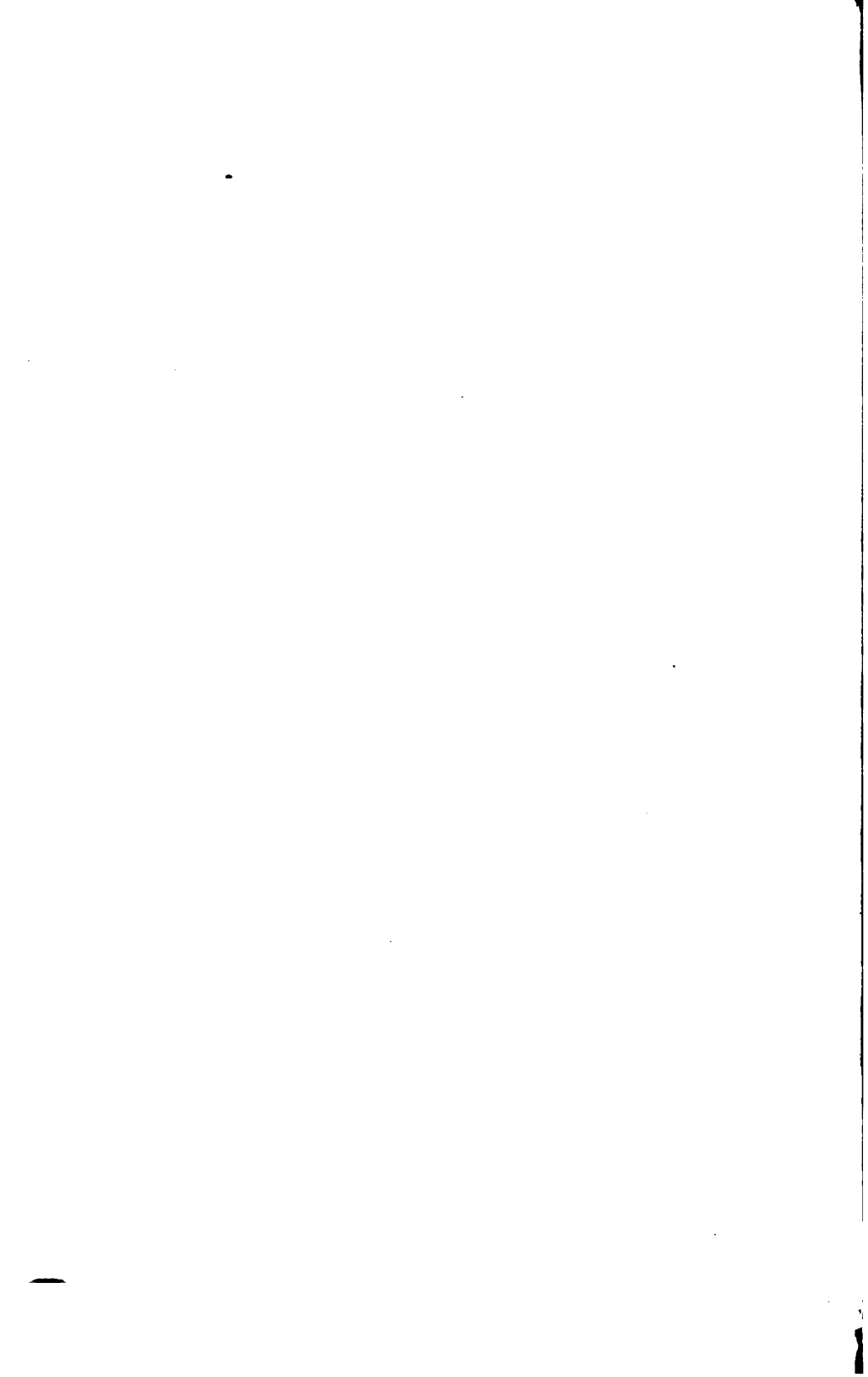
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ROY W. M.
J. B. M.
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**THE STORY OF
HARPER'S MAGAZINE**



THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

CHAPTER I

WHO, in the four quarters of the world, never reads an American magazine?

That is how Sydney Smith would express it if he were writing to-day. He would absolutely reverse his gibe of a century ago, for he was too clever to be unfair. He would, indeed, concretely express it, Who in the four quarters of the world never reads Harper's Magazine? And he would be the first to point out that the history of this Magazine represents, during the period of its existence, the history of the creative literature of the English-writing world.

Harper's, founded in 1850, stands at the head of American magazines, through its unmatched record of time of existence combined with continued distinction of character and continued success. For it is never age alone that can render anything important, whether it be a city, a country, an individual, a periodical; but a

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

long life that has been productive of new beauty and attractiveness, a long life that has been one of constant progress, with consequence, with influence, with distinction—that is important. A magazine of mere years without achievement, or with periods of achievement interspersed with those of commonplace, would be deserving of no particular anniversary notice, but a magazine which to-day has the prestige, which has always demanded the best possible literature, which has always stood at the forefront, is worthy of honor. Judged by every standard, Harper's is to-day the most successful high-class Magazine in the world, and it is held in honor wherever the English language is spoken. Modern in tone, youthful in spirit, it stands, as always, a leader in the world of magazines.

In London, not long ago, I met an English lady who introduced the subject of magazines. She spoke with bristling pride of those of her own country and asked if I did not agree with her that they were the finest in the world. Somewhat wondering at her enthusiasm, I asked which magazine it was that she had particularly in mind, whereupon, never having noticed that the magazine that she had learned to prize was the English edition of the American monthly, she answered, with a glow of fervor in her voice: "Harper's! And have you any better?" "No," I said, "we have not."

CHAPTER II

FOR the year 1917, the one-hundredth year in existence of the House of Harper, although less than the one-hundredth of the Magazine which has been so long before the public, the names of the authors who are to appear in the Magazine point out, as the names year by year throughout the past have pointed out, the breadth of the chosen literary field and the distinguished character of those whose work is given.

There is Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who, English born though she be, is most distinctively an American author. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any other American author has held the affections of her readers more closely. One thinks first, perhaps, of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," that story of exquisite charm which set the whole world talking, and then one turns to that brilliant array of notably successful novels from Mrs. Burnett's pen since that day—and one rejoices that her newest work, and in many ways her best, is to appear in Harper's Magazine during the coming year. It is a novelette, this new story, a strangely fascinating tale,

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

centering about the graceful figure of a young girl—a creature of rare charm and unusual endowments. There is just a glimpse into the world of the supernatural, just a touch of the psychic which makes the story one of rare fascination.

Another short serial of a unique sort will be Booth Tarkington's new drama, "Mister Antonio," which will soon begin. Mr. Tarkington has never told a story that is more appealing or more delightfully human. As for the hero, "Mister Antonio" himself, he is one of the most real and lovable characters that the author has created.

And there is to be new and hitherto unpublished material of Mark Twain. There will be letters that were written by him to friends and acquaintance, to great men and to little children who were often his companions; letters showing the wise and lovable and always interesting qualities of the man; letters collected and edited by his biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, who has spent years in bringing these wonderfully human documents together.

Mark Twain's connection with Harper's Magazine began early, for in 1866, while on a trip to Hawaii, he sent to it the first formal article that he wrote for any magazine; and he was tremendously elated by its acceptance. It was to him the real beginning of a real literary



HENRY JAMES



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BOOTH TARKINGTON



THOMAS HARDY



MARGARET DELAND



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD



SIR GILBERT PARKER, BART.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA BOTH GIVE THEIR BEST TO THE MAGAZINE

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THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

career! It was to mark the beginning of Mark Twain! But his hopes were grievously dashed by the uncorrected blunder of a compositor who set up his name as "Mark Swain"! It was some years after this that his close association with the Magazine began, but it lasted throughout years of a close comradeship which was broken only by death.

For many years before his death all of his work, molded as it was out of his past experiences, fused by his genius into splendid form, was given to the House of Harper, and much of it appeared in the Magazine, notably his romance on the life of Joan of Arc. The Maid of France meant much to him, for as a mere boy, in Hannibal, Missouri, the chance picking up of a sketch of her life was the veritable opening up of history, and he never forgot the romantic glow that Joan inspired. After half a century of admiration he wrote, for Harper's, this romance. "It was written with love," he declared to a friend.

Mark Twain's "Life" appeared serially in Harper's, and now the coming "Letters" will be a fascinating sequel.

Some reminiscences which are to be a feature of 1917 take one back in memory to the January number of 1900, the number which marks not only the beginning of the new century, but precisely half a century of Harper's Magazine.

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

In that January number began serially the publication of a novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward which attracted wide-spread admiration, for it was "Eleanor," rich as it was in its portrayal of human characters and in its Italian setting. Mrs. Ward has written other novels also, but she is not only a novelist; she is a woman of wide-spread and close acquaintance with the great men and women of her day in both Europe and America. The niece of Arnold of Rugby, Mrs. Ward began life with unusual opportunities to meet and know people, and her experiences have increased and broadened through her own personality and gifts. It is, therefore, a fact of unusual interest that she has written her reminiscences and that Harper's is to publish them. With so much to tell and such skill in telling, this feature will be peculiarly fitting for an anniversary year. In these memoirs we shall have intimate glimpses of such great figures as Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold, the great Frenchman Renan, Stevenson, and many others whose names are household words and whom Mrs. Ward has known.

There is Gilbert Parker. He has traveled, he has seen the world, he has written of America and England, of Europe and Africa; he has placed his stories in the present time and in the past. And his new novel, which will be a feature of Harper's for 1917, is located amid

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

scenes of even greater fascination, and is of that picturesque eighteenth century which has before appealed to him.

In literature this distinguished author has climbed high, growing gradually into work that is sweeping in its grasp and breadth. Harper's published serially his world-famous romance, "The Right of Way," and since then it has presented such masterpieces as "The Weavers" and "The Judgment House." His new serial will more than fulfil the rich promise of these earlier books.

In the other features of the new year, as in these, interestingness, coupled with distinction, will be the key-note. And always there will be abundant youth and vitality, rich variety, and unquestionable quality. Great names will be found in plenty, but only when joined to great work. New names will appear constantly, and many of them are those of writers who will soon be famous. In its short stories, its articles of travel, science, history, biography, art, language, adventure, exploration, and discovery every high tradition will be more than maintained.

In its short stories particularly, the Magazine for 1917 will be rich beyond all previous dreams. Margaret Deland is to contribute a new series of Old Chester Tales. A short nov-
elette by Ellen Glasgow will come early in the year, and there will be great stories by such

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

writers as Katharine Fullerton Gerould, Mary E. Wilkins, Booth Tarkington, Meredith Nicholson, William Dean Howells, Fannie Hurst, Fleta Campbell Springer, Margaret Cameron, Leila Burton Wells, Wilbur D. Steele, Laura Spencer Portor, Sophie Underwood, and Fannie Heaslip Lea.

Each number of the Magazine will contain at least seven of these delightful little masterpieces of fiction, for Harper's publishes more short stories than any other illustrated magazine.

CHAPTER III

THERE are many writing for Harper's at the present day who are aiming at high ideals and offering fineness of product. But they are too many to name! When, a few years ago, to celebrate the seventieth birthday of the editor, some two hundred and fifty guests—novelists, story-writers, scholars, scientists, poets, and artists—gathered at dinner in the time-honored building on Franklin Square, it was charmingly said that they made a living index to the Magazine.

Some of the Harper writers of to-day have already achieved greatness, have already won fame, and with others the greatness of success is still to come. After all, it should be remembered that the greatest of writers of the present, like the greatest of the past, did not reach their greatness at a single bound, and no one can tell, in reading the productions of to-day, who will be proclaimed the literary leaders of to-morrow. When Dickens found favor with his *Sketches by Boz* no one could have foretold *David Copperfield*. When Margaret Deland stepped first with fiction into the pages of Harper's in 1892

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

with the brief black tragedy of "The Face on the Wall" no one could have foreseen "The Iron Woman." In turning over any one of the recent volumes of Harper's one comes upon positive masterpieces of skill. Some of the still comparatively unrecognized authors are writing what will be remembered; they are writing with indelible ink.

Among those Harper authors who have reached acknowledged pinnacles is Margaret Deland. Before the short story which has just been mentioned, she appeared in Harper's with some early verses on various flowers. In 1885 she wrote of the succory, growing in "upland pastures dim and sweet and by the dusty road," and her poem was tucked in, by one of the oddest of chances, at the end of one of the early stories of Mary E. Wilkins. Later she wrote charmingly of the flowering Quaker lady, "this quaint and quiet Quaker," as she puts it, and it is curious to find S. Weir Mitchell writing for the Magazine, a few years later, of the same gray lady, "in dainty garb and sober."

It was years after Mrs. Deland's verses and even after her first short stories—it was not until 1898—that the first of the "Old Chester Tales" appeared, making it clear what a unique personality had entered the field of American literature. With "Old Chester Tales" Mrs. Deland splendidly found herself, and that Har-

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

per's realized it was shown by the presentation of the stories with superb illustrations by Howard Pyle. Dear old Doctor Lavendar walks down the street, memorable forever, described by such a writer and pictured by such an artist. "Old Chester was always very well satisfied with itself," are the opening words of the first "Old Chester" tale, and a vast number of readers have continued to be very well satisfied with "Old Chester."

A few years later came "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," and "The Iron Woman" followed in 1911, Mrs. Deland being not one of those who work rapidly, but of those who perfect their problems patiently.

One of the writers whose work stands in the very forefront of our imaginative literature, and whose name is most intimately connected with Harper's Magazine, is Mary E. Wilkins. From the first her style has been one of curiously combined strength and simplicity. More than any other writer she has presented the repressed heart-life of the New England countryside. But to say this does not mean that there has been anything narrow in the appeal; her stories have been as greatly read in the Pacific States as in those of the Atlantic, because they express her insight into the very substance of hearts.

Her first appearance in the Magazine was in 1884 with two short stories, "A Humble Ro-

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

mance" and "A Gatherer of Simples." In 1892 her novel "Jane Field" was serialized in Harper's and in 1901 came "The Portion of Labor."

That the stories of Mary E. Wilkins, as they continued to appear in Harper's, began to come out under the name of Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, calls attention to the homelikeness of the association of authors with the Magazine; it gives the impression as of a family party, continuing their association through the pleasant changes of a lifetime. Perhaps no living writer has been a more constant contributor to the Magazine. Certainly there is none who has a greater hold on the affection of Harper readers.

An unusual literary career has been that of Basil King. He came prominently, years ago, into the public eye, on the whole with a degree of success. Then one day he sent to the Magazine the manuscript of a novel so dramatic, so brilliant in its execution that it fairly compelled a place for itself as a serial. It was something of a fiber entirely different from his earlier work, and at the suggestion of the editor it was decided to publish the novel anonymously. It was "The Inner Shrine," and it justified the plan and expectations of both editor and author. A year or two later Mr. King wrote "The Wild Olive," still remaining anonymous to prove that there had not been the chance success of a single

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

anonymity. The tremendous success of these two novels and the author's subsequent books is known to the world.

In putting this plan into effect it is interesting to note that Mr. King followed the example of Lord Lytton, who anonymously published two novels in the hope of inducing the critics to say that a new literary star had arisen; and Charles Reade did the same with his story, "The Woman-Hater," which at his request was published anonymously in Harper's Magazine. Basil King, with his now assured standing, writes again under his own name, and "The Street Called Straight" and "The Side of the Angels" have recently appeared.

Half a century ago the Harpers recognized the Indiana school before Indiana knew that it had a school, for as long ago as that they discovered the genius of Gen. Lew Wallace, who later, as the author of "Ben Hur," came into his wonderful popularity because he could really write and really had imagination. And in recent years the Magazine has given prominence to the Indiana writer who has risen highest of all those from his State, Booth Tarkington, an author always brilliant, always interesting, always original, and never a copyist; always American, too, whether he writes of home scenes or sets his story in foreign environment. He is not one of those who flash brilliantly with

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

a one-book rocket. He began in Harper's with charming "Cherry" in 1901; a few years later came his great "Conquest of Canaan," and there recently has appeared his swinging story of "The Turmoil." He is notably a man of still cumulative reputation, and a new serial by him, already described, will appear in 1917.

Among writers of to-day Thomas Hardy stands eminent. Far back in 1878 came serially, in Harper's, "The Return of the Native"; a few years later came his "Laodicean"; and in 1895, under the title of "Hearts Insurgent," came what was later named "Jude the Obscure." Since that day many of his wonderful short stories have made their appearance in the pages of Harper's and not a few of those remarkable poems which of late years have rivaled his prose work in importance.

Harper's Magazine has always, since its foundation, secured serials of the highest merit: to mention any serial writer of the first class, whether English or American, from the time of Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot to that of Margaret Deland and Arnold Bennett and Booth Tarkington, is to mention an author whose work has come to the public month by month in the pages of Harper's.

In another field the Magazine holds a distinction even more proud, for it may fairly claim to have been the chief factor in the development of

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

the American short story. There had been some few short stories written in America before its time, but the art had lapsed; it needed to be revived and strengthened, it needed to be broadened in scope. And all this Harper's did. It welcomed the writers of short tales; it encouraged them; it led short-story writing along artistic paths that broadened out into the entire field of human life.

Its list of short-story writers of America comprises such authors as Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, W. D. Howells, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (her "Madonna of the Tubs," which appeared in 1885, struck a memorable note), James Lane Allen (with such tales as "Flute and Violin" and "A Kentucky Cardinal"), Owen Wister (with the best of the tales that made up "The Virginian"), and that man of exotic qualities, Lafcadio Hearn, and Richard Harding Davis (with some "Van Bibber" tales and "Hefty Burke" and a long succeeding line). A complete list of Harper's American short-story writers of distinction would run into scores, and I shall complete this briefest of enumerations, beginning as it does with the name of an American diplomat, with the name of another American diplomat, Henry van Dyke, who has appeared in Harper's with many a finely wrought story and none more so than his classic "The Story of the Other Wise Man," published in

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

1893, and since that time read by hundreds of thousands in book form.

American short-story writers, their fame made by the world-wide circulation of Harper's, have reciprocally added luster to the Magazine. Nor have English short-story writers meanwhile been overlooked. The best of them have appeared with their stories in Harper's. Joseph Conrad, Maurice Hewlett, Rudyard Kipling—but again the list is too long for enumeration. And it is a recognized fact that the greatest writers have always had a special liking for an appearance in Harper's—the Magazine which has given the short story its greatest importance.

CHAPTER IV

FROM the first, Harper's has aimed at the interesting. It has published articles by the most important men on the most important subjects, but always the articles have been of a kind to arouse popular attention. So successfully has the Magazine combined interest with value that it is the one non-technical periodical for which the greatest European and American savants are most ready to write.

There have been such men of science as Sir William Ramsay, Ernest Rutherford, Sir J. J. Thompson, Sir Oliver Lodge, Simon Newcomb, Professor Millikan. In the field of surgery and medicine there have been such authorities as Dr. W. W. Keen and Dr. M. A. Starr. Among archeologists there have been such men as Delizsche and Boni and Waldstein and Flinders-Petrie. The articles that have appeared from men of science have touched high-water mark in magazine achievement.

Progressiveness has always been the aim in the Magazine policy, but this has never meant that there should be the following of fads. The pseudo scientific has been barred; the really

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

scientific, telling authoritatively of advances, of progress, of development, has always been welcomed. In every respect the Magazine has aimed at the essentials of the progress of the mind of the world; if anything, it has not only kept up with the times, but has held a position a little in advance.

Nor are its achievements to be measured only by its presentation of the finest works of the imagination and its articles by scientific men, for, besides all this, it has always been alert to have the best obtainable in history and travel and biography and essay and poetry.

Grover Cleveland wrote, with words of wisest statesmanship, on important national problems; and presidents of another kind, those of great universities, such as Hadley and Eliot, have written on various important themes.

As to history, in the early days there was Lossing, unrivaled in finding the important and interesting in connection with the American past and in presenting it with full appreciation of the picturesque; remarkable man that he was, he not only discovered and wrote, but he drew his own pictures of the places he found and he could walk into the Harper establishment and cut his own drawings on wood for reproduction. John S. C. Abbott presented his famous lives of Napoleon and Frederick. Parkman gave the Harpers some of his finest work.



ADMIRAL MAHAN



VILHJÁLMUR STEFÁNSSON



SIMON NEWCOMB



ROBERT E. PEARY



SVEN HEDIN



ROALD AMUNDSEN

GREAT SCIENTISTS AND TRAVELERS HAVE TOLD THEIR STORIES IN ITS PAGES

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THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Keeping abreast of the newer ideas of historical investigation, Harper's welcomed John Fiske thirty-six years ago and he continued with article after article on various American historical themes. In more recent years, Albert Bushnell Hart has frequently appeared with his historical studies, and Henry Cabot Lodge has also been a frequent contributor from the material gathered in his practical studies of statesmanship and literature.

Harper's has always given attention to travel. In the early days the travel articles were very properly of the kind that describe the now familiar places which most of the readers of the Magazine had never seen, high though the average of intelligence was, Harper's having founded its prosperity upon the old-time lyceum-educated public of America; and in later years, now that travel has so generally increased, the travel articles have largely been such as mark the result of expeditions sent out by Harper's or which the Magazine was in some degree instrumental in sending out. Peculiarly has this been the case with polar exploration, and Harper's has secured descriptions of profound interest and importance by Amundsen and Stefáns-son. Nor is this a recent development; it is but the natural following up of the long-ago interest of Harper's in the arctic work of Kane and in the search for the ill-fated Franklin.

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

From the arctic to Africa is, after all, for a great magazine, but a step; long ago appeared the interesting Du Chaillu, and within a very few years Harper's sent Nevins into a wild part of the Dark Continent to investigate the modern slave trade, and his revelations astonished the world.

Strange and inaccessible places have been featured, like those described by the great traveler, Sven Hedin, in "The Roof of the World" and his other Tibetan articles; and there have been no less delightful descriptions of places which have naturally lent themselves to illustration, and many such articles as describe fascinating and readily attainable corners which, although they might naturally have been discovered long ago, waited instead for some Harper author to find them out and set them forth to the world. And some Harper writers have so mingled fiction with foreign settings as to leave in the mind of the reader as much of an impression of the delightful places in which the stories are located as of the stories themselves.

Always it has been the policy of Harper's, whatever the class of subject, whether in the field of science or art or travel or fiction, to aim at the highest product rather than merely at the most famous men. Often, and perhaps even usually the two have been combined, but

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

the motif has uniformly been great work rather than great names.

Harper's has habitually had a way of discovering famous people before they became famous, and a fascinating example of this is in Volume Ninety-two. For in that volume, in the middle '90's, appeared three articles by a certain Woodrow Wilson, one on the early period of George Washington, another on Colonel Washington and General Braddock—delightfully illustrated, this, by Howard Pyle—and a third on old times and old places in Virginia; while in this same volume are two articles by a certain Theodore Roosevelt, one on Mad Anthony Wayne, and the other discussing the disastrous campaign of General St. Clair.

There, bound between the same covers, held thus close in sedateness of literary embrace, studiously presenting calm pictures of the past, discussing curiously similar themes, both dreaming of American days long gone, are the two men who, of all Americans, have in the present century distinguished themselves as political powers, political rivals, political controversialists, forcefully handling the tremendous problems of the day.

CHAPTER V

REMINISCENCES and memoirs have always been a feature of Harper's. In 1860 it published that essay of Thackeray's, "Nil Nisi Bonum," in which he wrote so nobly of the English Macaulay and of our own American Irving, both of them recently dead. And it is interesting to find Thackeray censuring the conduct of the English journalist who, received cordially at Sunnyside and enjoying Irving's dinner and wine, went off and wrote intimate details regarding his host and his family, including a description of Irving gently dozing off after dinner.

In the late '50's Harper's presented a previously unpublished tale, "Cupid's Revenge," by Charles Lamb, which had been brought to America by a friend and correspondent of Lamb, Thomas Allsop, who had fled to America on account of complicity in a plot against Louis Napoleon. Allsop brought also quite a number of unpublished notes written by Charles Lamb; mere brevities of correspondence they were; "notelets," as Lamb himself used to call his very short communications, but all with a touch of

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

the quaint and the cordial and the fine; and it is pleasant to record that this correspondence was edited and reviewed by George William Curtis, it being one of the first occasions on which his name appeared in the Magazine; and he sums up with, "If ever a good, great man walked the earth, full of humor, charity, and utter renunciation of self," it was Charles Lamb. One likes to think that Harper's thus brought together Curtis and Lamb.

Only a few years ago—it was in 1911—came some newly discovered and never before published writings and drawings by Thackeray, given to Harper's with comments by his daughter. They were descriptions by him, of travel, in what is still one of the most charmingly beautiful parts of England, the fascinating country of the Wye, with its wonderful Tintern Abbey. And there was the curious beginning of a story of the Middle Ages which he had entitled "The Knights of Borsellen"; a story which he almost decided to finish, but turned to the writing of what was to be his final work, "Denis Duval," instead.

Diplomatic memoirs have always had a profound appeal for all classes, and Harper's has published a wide variety of this class of writing; John Bassett Moore, out of wide knowledge, has written articles on American diplomacy, and there have been notable glimpses of diplomatic

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

life by Madame de Bunsen, *née* Waddington, and quite recently fascinating letters from various courts of Europe by Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone.

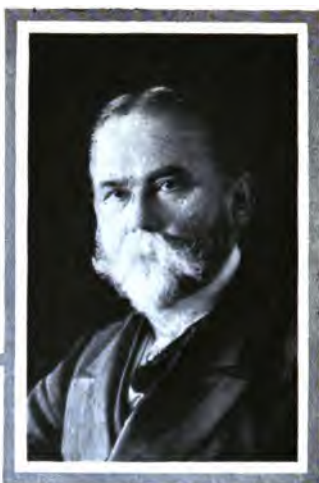
It was at first difficult for Harper's to draw to itself the New England writers. There was, among them, a feeling of distrust and dislike for the growing metropolis. Frankly, they felt too good for New York in those mid-century days. But a very few years saw them come into line as they realized how high Harper's was aiming.

James T. Fields, ultra-Bostonian though he was, came into the Harper ranks like other Bostonians, and wrote pleasantly of John Brown, the John Brown of Edinburgh, and "Rab," and he wrote of Barry Cornwall, and in 1879 he wrote of his own lecturing experiences: and if his name were not attached and it were not so long ago one could imagine it to be lecturing experiences described by some of our present-day humorists. "It weren't quite so tejus as I thought 'twould be," said the chairman after Fields concluded a lecture to deliver which he had preliminarily paid twenty-five cents before the doorkeeper would let him in.

From the first Harper's has run a department which within a short time after the beginning became known as the "Drawer." The name came because a drawer in an old mahogany desk, which is still in the office, had been given



LEW WALLACE



JOHN HAY



Underwood & Underwood
WOODROW WILSON



JACOB ABBOTT



DONALD G. MITCHELL



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THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

over to the accumulation, at first rather casual, of treasures of humor. The "Drawer" has constantly maintained not only humorous quality, but distinctive quality in its humor, keeping it a humor, kindly, clean, and in considerable degree specializing with the unconscious humor of childhood.

Harper's early established its humorous standard as well as its standards of literature; often the two have been combined and the humor has overflowed from the "Drawer" into the body of the Magazine, as with the drolleries of Stockton and Mark Twain. Petroleum V. Nasby and John G. Saxe were among the earliest humorous contributors, and it was many years ago that Samuel S. Cox, himself a statesman-humorist, wrote on "American Humor" for the Magazine. Since that early day almost all the American and English merry-makers have appeared in "The Drawer."

What is known as "nature writing," representing the great appeal of out of doors, has for many years been given prominence by the Magazine, for it not only recognized the importance of the subject long before it came much into the general mind, but it has had vast influence in bringing it to its present place in public interest. The votaries of out of doors to whom it has given prominence have been of varied character and kind. It began publishing

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

John Muir's remarkable articles on the Rockies and the Sierras in the 1870's; it published "Nature's Serial Story" by E. P. Roe in 1884; it gave importance to the frequent work of William Hamilton Gibson, who was at the same time illustrator, painter, and author, and who made a deep and permanent impression; and there has continued to be much by that widely loved observer, John Burroughs. The list in all would be a long one.

From the beginning it has been the policy of the Magazine to seek for and welcome the best in poetry. In the old days it had Tennyson and Lanier, it had Jean Ingelow and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, it had Swinburne and Stedman and Stoddard; there have been poems by Austin Dobson, notably "The Ladies of St. James," exquisitely illustrated by Abbey with contrasting pictures of the rustic-clad Phyllida and the ladies in the paneled parlor; there were the verses by Alice and Phoebe Cary, the two Ohio sisters who, leaving their little brown house with its cherry branches and sweet-brier, came to New York and continued to sing their sweet songs until their death, in the same year, in 1871. There was Will Carleton, who wrote with homely attraction of the pathos of the rural life of what is often called, in the East, the "Middle West." I remember his telling me with a twinkle that long after he supposed

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

his name to be everywhere known he went back to lecture in his home town in Michigan, and that the chairman of the evening introduced him as a poet who, since going out into the world, had won wide fame: "Why!" concluded his introducer, "Mr. Carleton is known in almost all the towns of southern Michigan!"

The first time that I find the name of the editor, Henry M. Alden, in the Magazine is in 1863, with verses about "the wastes of land on Barbary's coast." There has been poetry by that Parsons who is chiefly remembered because a greater poet described him as the poet of the supposititious group of the Wayside Inn. There has been poetry by Longfellow, such as the solemn "Morituri Salutamus" in 1875 and "Keramos," rich with the splendor and poetry of pottery-making. And any present-day poet who may think that poetry does not pay may be interested to know that for each of these poems Longfellow was given one thousand dollars! Notable, too, is Longfellow's poem descriptive of Burns as a ploughman:

For him the ploughing of those fields
A more ethereal harvest yields
Than sheaves of grain.

It was inevitable that Walt Whitman should appear in the Magazine. Long before the general acclaim which has in recent years been

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

given to his work, Harper's gave him fame, while he was alive to enjoy it; for back in 1874 it gave two pages to "The Prayer of Columbus," prefaced by a Whitman note in fine, grim prose explaining the tragic setting of the verses; also in that year it gave two pages to his "Song of the Redwood Tree," through whose lines one sees flashing the golden pageant of California; and in 1884 came his splendid:

With husky-haughty lips, O Sea!
Where day and night I wend
Thy surf-beat shore.

The impulse to write verse is as ancient and as broad as all human nature, and whenever the verse is real poetry this Magazine likes to publish it. Novelists such as Howells, Hardy, and Van Dyke have written poetry for Harper's. And at present there is a charming group of poets who, for this Magazine, express their delicate fancy, their understanding of nature, their fine artistry.

In turning over the processional volumes one recognizes what a vast field has been covered, what an immense variety of American talent has been displayed, from what varied parts of our own country distinguished writers have appeared—and how many have written their last words.

One notices the work of Joaquin Miller, with

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

its flavor of the mines and the mountains; Blanche Willis Howard and Helen Hunt Jackson; one sees many an article and many a story by that delightful observer of New York life, Julian Ralph; it was in 1890 that F. Hopkinson Smith first breezed into the Magazine; one sees the names of H. C. Bunner, Laurence Hutton, Porte Crayon, J. T. Trowbridge, Thomas Janvier, Sarah Orne Jewett, Henry M. Stanley, Edward Everett Hale, Edwin P. Whipple, Charles Nordhoff, Eugene Lawrence; one finds work by Harold Frederic, the man of western New York whose career was so short and meteoric; one finds the work of Stephen Crane—whose career was even shorter and even more meteoric; there is Bret Harte, with his splendid skill as a story-writer; there are T. De Witt Talmage and Lyman Abbott; there are John Bigelow and James Grant Wilson; there was Horace Greeley, with an article on the Plains as they had appeared to him when he crossed ten years before, following his own advice to “Go West”; there is that born story-teller, F. Marion Crawford; there is a Parisian story of 1866 by John Hay which marks how times have changed, for in those days few Americans traveled and knew France, and he translated into English the “Avenue of the Grand Army” and the “Arch of Triumph”; there are stories and serials by that man of quaintest fancy,

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Frank R. Stockton; beginning as far back as 1869—Harper's has always tried to enlist them early!—and his work follows on through years of achievement, with the "Great Stone of Sardis" and its humorously interpretive pictures by Peter Newell, and his not only whimsically written but whimsically entitled "Bicycle of Cathay."

Among the most distinguished of the writers who have gone was Henry James. In 1879 James, who at that time still signed "Jr.," appeared with "The Diary of a Man of Fifty," and the next year there began serial publication of his novel, "Washington Square." Later came characteristic stories, always rich in unusual qualities. A few years ago he revisited this country after a quarter of a century's absence, before returning to England to die, and his impressions of what he saw here appeared in a series of remarkable articles. While he was still in mid-career there was now published, in 1890, in the Magazine, a feature of unusual literary importance—the translation of Alphonse Daudet's "Port Tarascon" by Henry James. It is seldom that one great writer serves as translator of another. And Henry James and Daudet, of all men! Yet no French author was ever so fortunate in his translator.

CHAPTER VI

IN its preliminary announcement at the beginning of 1850 Harper's declared that it would present the best of literature in whatever form it should appear; there were to be historical essays, there were to be poetry and wit, there were to be descriptions of mechanical inventions, of scientific discoveries and creations of fine art, with delineation of manners and of nature, articles on social and domestic life, and the best in fiction. The plan was also to give a summary of political events, and each month a "Carefully Prepared Fashion Plate."

As to fiction, special attention was called to the greatest writers of that immediate day: they were Dickens, Bulwer, Lever, and Warner. What an illustrative list! George Eliot was not included because at that time she had written only on philosophical or religious subjects; in that very year she happened to be sledging over the Alps. Thackeray was not mentioned because he was at that very time just stepping into his first distinguished fame.

The honor of writing the first serial which appeared in the Magazine rests with Charles Lever,

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

with his lively story of the French Revolution, "Maurice Tiernay." And before the first year was over "My Novel," by Bulwer-Lytton, was also in full swing. It is curious that in the political news in the Magazine in that very year was mention of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which was largely in regard to the building of a Panama ship-canal and which contained (how history has recently repeated itself!) a clause forbidding either country to fortify the canal. That the Bulwer who negotiated the treaty was an elder brother of Bulwer-Lytton the novelist was not mentioned.

The middle of the past century was an important time for American literature. There were signs that the tremendous influence of Boston was beginning to wane. Some of the Boston men had finished, or practically finished, their work, and although others were still producing splendid material, it was clear that there were to be comparatively few recruits in what was known as the Boston school. New York as a city was giving promise of immensely distancing its New England rival, and it was evident that literary supremacy must follow material supremacy. The future of literature in America would depend upon New York, just as in England and France it depended upon London and Paris.

And outside of New England there threatened

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

to be a falling away in literary quality instead of a going forward. Irving was not dead, but in 1850 his work was practically finished, and he died in 1859. Cooper died in 1851. Poe died in 1849. Hawthorne's greatest work had just appeared and he had reached the age of forty-five. It was peculiarly a time when a magazine was needed to encourage and gather and hold the best literature. A magazine could not, of course, produce literature, but it could be of immense value as an assistance in its production. The House of Harper was peculiarly fitted for this encouragement, for its members, as publishers of books, had acted on the broad principle of aiming at the mutual advantage of both author and publisher; and in starting a magazine they were sure to continue to aim similarly at mutual advantage.

The year 1850 was a time when the banner of literature needed to be firmly held aloft; there needed to be a center, a rallying-point, a medium in which good literature could find expression and where it could meet with reward. Without such a magazine as Harper's quickly became, American literature would long have languished.

The foundation year of Harper's seems long ago, and yet, time and again, it seems a recent date, as when one realizes that Mark Twain, so recently dead that his dream-house at Redding in the Connecticut Hills still stands empty, was

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

in active life when the Magazine began. Within a year or two of the foundation of Harper's, Mark Twain, who was later to be so long and closely associated with it, had come East from Missouri and was setting type in a printing-house just across a narrow street from the Harper establishment. Within half a dozen years after the foundation of Harper's he was piloting on the Mississippi and earning the cognomen by which he was forever to be known.

For a few years after beginning, the Magazine freely copied from British periodicals much of its material, at the same time giving full credit to the different periodicals from which it was taken. This course was necessary at the start on account of the dearth of original material at that particular time, and through the difficulty of securing even what there was for a new American magazine. The custom of copying, however, was completely done away with as quickly as possible, and by 1860 the Magazine was in full stride as a publication of original contributions only. And even in the very first volume appeared, for the first time, parts of the delightful "Reveries of a Bachelor," by Ik. Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell), which the Harpers were shortly to bring out as a book. "I have got a quaint farmhouse in the country"—thus reads the opening sentence of the delightful "Reveries," just as if the author were



(C) Pirie MacDonald
ARNOLD BENNETT



H. G. WELLS



HENRY VAN DYKE



HOWARD PYLE

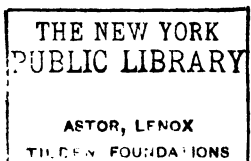


RICHARD HARDING
DAVIS



MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

DISTINGUISHED CONTRIBUTORS OF RECENT DAYS



THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

a fresh-air lover of to-day; and he goes on with delightful frankness to "There was nothing but a bed of glowing embers over which the white ashes gathered fast. I was alone with only my dog for company."

In that very first volume of the Magazine were also published important portions of what was to be known as "The Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution," and within the first ten years one also sees such names as Motley and Hawthorne in the Magazine; Hawthorne writing a descriptive sketch of Uttoxeter, to which he had pilgrimaged on account of its association with Doctor Johnson; and he closes his article with the odd confession that, after all, he was but little moved, his emotions coming either before or after his visit to a place, even though it might be a Stratford or a Westminster Abbey.

At the close of the first six months of the Magazine's career the publishers announced that the circulation had already reached fifty thousand monthly, and promise was made, "in every article, to combine entertainment with instruction, and to enforce the best and most important lessons of morality and practical life." They will give the best of everything, they say, and, "They are satisfied that they may appeal with confidence to the present volume, for evidence of the earnestness and fidelity with which

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

they will enter upon the fulfilment of these promises for the future."

The departments of news and of fashion were within some years dropped as not needful for a magazine of this character, but it is interesting to turn over the summarized news of those days. In the very first year, for example, there is discussion of finding remains of Franklin's arctic tragedy; and it is told that the submarine telegraph has met with the difficulty that the wire is not strong enough to withstand the force of the waves and must be strengthened; and in the very first month of 1850, as if the editor had supped on horrors, is given a sanguinary list of recent English murders, with grim details! But that class of news was suppressed after the first month.

That the Magazine's announcement is by the "publishers" illustrates a fact to which the sustained prosperity of the Magazine has in great measure been due—that is, that it has never been a one-man Magazine. From the first it has been peculiarly fortunate in its staff of editors; from the first it has been peculiarly fortunate in the business heads of the establishment; the House that founded the Magazine had itself been founded in 1817 by two brothers, shortly to be joined by another two, who in their career exemplified diversity with unity; and throughout its entire history the Magazine has con-

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

tinued as an example of what may be accomplished by the essential unity of associated minds. There has always been a directing head, but there has always been a co-ordination of varied literary and business judgments.

In 1853 a disastrous fire destroyed the entire Harper establishment, but the Magazine merely explained why there was a slight delay in publication and expressed felicitation that there had been no loss of life.

In 1865 the Magazine proudly reminded its readers of the wonderful fact that for one hundred and eighty-six consecutive months it had been regularly issued. It seemed, and it was, a triumph. And one wonders what the publishers would have felt could they have known that the Magazine was to go regularly for close on to eight hundred months, when the anniversary should come of the one hundred years of the firm's existence. Naturally, now, there seems every reason to believe that the eight hundred months will go on into infinite prolongation.

With the retrospect of 1865 the Magazine gave a picture of the Harper building, a pioneer among the structures of iron which preceded the present-day structures of steel; the same building which is still used, although there is now some thought of giving up the old location and going up-town. And at one of the windows of the front, looking out upon the trestled

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Elevated Railroad, is a tiny room that has long been the office of the principal editor; a room so tiny as scarcely to allow space for a single literary aspirant in addition to the editor himself.

A curious feature, in the Magazine's early policy, was the length of time during which, owing to the influence of the English last-century magazines, the names of the authors were omitted with the exception of the supposedly more important ones. After ten years or so Harper's arrived at the point of putting the names of most of the authors in the index, but many years were still to elapse before the establishment of the present system.

Doubtless there were always some writers who, through the influence of the English system of not using names in periodicals, came to believe, themselves, in what they deemed a proper modesty; and Dinah Mulock Craik, at the beginning of a serial in the Magazine in 1869, wrote tartly to complain that that was not her name, as Englishwomen, so she said, preferred to have their maiden surname dropped; and also, more than that, she "wished it to be remembered that on all future occasions, whether in the Magazine or on the title-page of books," she be referred to simply as "the author of 'John Halifax,'" without any personal name whatever.

In 1850 Thackeray had been writing for a number of years and had almost given up hope

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

of success. "I can't hit the public," he wrote a friend as late as 1846. "Vanity Fair" with difficulty found a publisher, and then, coming out in parts, attracted so little attention that the English publishers were on the point of stopping publication. Then the tide turned and by July of 1848, when it was completed, Thackeray had won a large audience.

Harper's promptly recognized his immense merit, and in 1853 began the serial publication of "The Newcomes," illustrated by the same wood-cuts, largely of drawings by Thackeray himself, which are given in the best editions of that book to-day. It ran month by month with increasing popularity to its end, in October of 1855, and it is dated—an interesting touch—"Paris, 28th June, 1855."

It was early in the history of Harper's that Thackeray died, but the Magazine, meanwhile, did him full honor, among the most interesting of his writings which it published being his essay on "Charity and Humor," in which he spoke with such splendid appreciation of the work of Dickens, ending with: "I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens' art a thousand and a thousand times; I delight and wonder at his genius. . . . Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness which his gentle, and generous, and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world."

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Dickens, reading this, wrote cordially to his rival: "I am profoundly touched by your generous reference to me. I do not know how to tell you what a glow it spread over my heart."

Not only did Harper's publish what Thackeray so warm-heartedly wrote of Dickens, but it published, before many years, what Dickens thought of Thackeray, for in 1864 he wrote for it some cordial reminiscences of his great rival, who had recently died. Twenty-eight years before he had, it seems, called upon Dickens to offer himself as an illustrator of the first book of *Boz*, and thus their acquaintance had begun. Dickens writes appreciatively of Thackeray's humor, kindliness, good spirits, unselfishness, and of how drolly he wrote, when he "stood for Oxford," asking him to come down and make a speech to tell them who he was, for he doubted whether more than two of the electors had ever heard of him, whereas he felt sure that at least six or eight had heard of Dickens. But Dickens, although clearly he wishes to speak highly of Thackeray, writes with some constraint of his ability; he was not able to appreciate his great contemporary as fully as he himself had been appreciated.

"The Adventures of Philip" was another of Thackeray's works published by Harper's in the few years in which such appreciation was possible, and, loyal to the last, the Magazine was

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

publishing in 1864 his final work, "Denis Duval," simultaneously with the English magazine, Cornhill, when he died.

Dickens lived less than ten years beyond Thackeray, and while he lived Harper's continued to give his works to the public. Before the foundation of the Magazine he had published "Pickwick," "Chuzzlewit," and "David Copperfield," but Harper's was established in time to have such stories as "Bleak House" and "Our Mutual Friend"; and it is interesting to note that the number in which began "Our Mutual Friend" gave also the American public Tennyson's "Morte d'Arthur."

Toward the conclusion of the Civil War the general unrest and the financial condition of the country caused a shrinkage in the circulation of the Magazine, but in 1864 "Our Mutual Friend" began as a serial, and at the close of the same year began "Armada," by Wilkie Collins, and with such attractive features the Magazine at once regained all that it had temporarily lost.

"Our Mutual Friend" began in June of 1864; it ran its course until its completion in December of the year following, and it is dated (again the observance of what could so often be an interesting form!) "September 2nd, 1865." Even at that, the run was not so long as the run of "The Newcomes" had been! In those days a novel by

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

a great writer was a sort of public institution. People then were not so hurried as those of to-day, but had time to pay due reverence to a public institution. It was the fashion to write lengthily, discursively, to write, indeed, until a story should exhaust itself—a method, to some extent, coming into fashion again on the English side of the ocean, but rather to be deplored except when followed by literary giants; and the closer concentration, the artistic condensation, of the best American authors is one of the proofs that our literature is not degenerating.

In one respect, in those days, the editor's task was easier than it is to-day; there was less time spent in seeking new stories; a great author would begin to write, and month by month his instalments would come along, and so long as instalments came they would be published. To write a novel meant to write freely and without regard to length. "The Virginians," that story which had its inspiration in Prescott's home on Boston's Beacon Hill, and which was, therefore, peculiarly fitted for an American magazine to publish, began its course in Harper's in December of 1857 and did not end until toward the close of 1859. I have somewhere read that Thackeray kept some guests waiting for a fish dinner, at Richmond, and that when he appeared, an hour late, it was without having dressed and with no apology other than to re-

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

mark, with immense relief and gaiety, that he had just finished "The Virginians." No wonder he felt both relieved and gay!

What a number of sturdy old writers there were, of the latter half of the century just passed! How they go trooping through the pages of Harper's, with one good story following another: Wilkie Collins' "The New Magdalen," Charles Reade's "The Simpleton," William Black's "McLeod of Dare," Wilkie Collins' "Armada," Black's "Shandon Bells," Trollope's "The Golden Lion of Grandpère"—what an imposing list it is! To turn the pages of old bound volumes of Harper's is to raise the ghosts of the great ones of the past: Anthony Trollope, G. P. R. James, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Blackmore, Justin McCarthy, Dinah Mulock, Walter Besant—what an array of great names the Magazine presents!

And how marvelously their stories were read in their day! How eagerly each new serial was awaited by an immense following. Rather strange, now, some of them, to modern taste—and yet those old-timers did so have the story-telling touch!

And how naïve and interesting some of them were! There was Charles Reade, for example, so curiously full of his own importance; he thought himself quite the equal of any other writer, ancient or modern, and

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

would write to the Harpers, telling them that his stories were better than those of Dickens and complain bitterly because he understood they were in the habit of paying Charles Dickens more than Charles Reade; but always he would, after a while, come into pleasant relations again, thinking he had made his literary importance quite recognized; and when he died it was found that he had bequeathed to the Harpers a painting which was his favorite portrait, and hosts of authors have seen it hanging above the editor's desk in the office looking out on Franklin Square.

George Eliot, as soon as she turned from her philosophical writing to make her great success in fiction, became acquainted with the Harpers. In 1862 came to the Magazine "Romola"—given, however, without the name of George Eliot, but merely "by the author of 'Adam Bede'"; it was indexed under the name of Marion C. Evans. "Adam Bede" had itself been published by the Harpers as an anonymous book. Later there came to the Magazine the final finished work of her "Daniel Deronda."

Naturally, the more recent of the greatest British writers have also been enrolled in the Harper ranks. Conan Doyle long ago made his appearance, notably with his fine serial of "The Refugees," in 1893. Arnold Bennett has appeared with a distinguished serial novel, and

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

with his articles descriptive of his impressions of America.

The Harpers have from the first endeared themselves to their authors and formed life-lasting attachments by a constant financial fairness. It is not that they have rushed into every competition for the expensive possession of some fleeting star, but that always there has been a feeling on the part of authors that there was ever a desire on the part of the publishers to be fair and reasonable. Even back in the years when there was no international copyright to safeguard literature in crossing the ocean, Harper's Magazine made a habit of paying liberally for material which it might have taken free. It did not stand for what is known as pirating—a legal pirating exercised quite as freely by the English on American authors as by Americans on English. Harper's purchased literary material from authors from whom it might legally have been taken, although it was by no means always sure that it was thus to secure even a trifling advantage in early publication.

In our own country it is not necessary to cite more than one single instance to indicate the general spirit of the Harper dealings. Constance Fenimore Woolson, for years such a brilliant figure in the Magazine—her beginning, it may be mentioned, was in 1870, with a descrip-

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

tion of delightfully picturesque Zoar, that old-time Ohio community, with its setting of red-tiled roofs and quaint old houses—first came with distinction to the fore in 1880, with her first novel, "Anne," which was serialized in the Magazine. Following Magazine publication the Harpers published the story as a book. It was a chance as to whether it would have a fair or large sale, and the Harpers bought the rights to the story outright for a definite sum. The book made an astonishing success, and there was picturesqueness about it all, through the fact that the author was grandniece to the mighty Cooper of the past; it made one of those sweeping successes which come but seldom in book history; whereupon the Harpers wrote to Miss Woolson, expressing their knowledge that the sum for which she had sold was inadequate, in view of the accomplished popularity, and generously offering to put the contract upon a royalty basis in addition to sending her a large check besides the sum prior agreed upon.

CHAPTER VII

THE advance of illustration and the rise in importance of the illustrator is one of the features that show in the history of the Magazine. At its beginning, and for many years thereafter, no prominence whatever was given to the names of the illustrators. More likely than not the name was not given at all. It was only after some time that even the index came to the naming of those who had made the pictures. But years ago the illustrators came splendidly into their own and the custom became established of giving every artist his full due. Yet there have been many whose work could at any time be recognized even without a name attached, such as people and horses as only A. B. Frost could have drawn, pirates that only Pyle could have painted, girls that were unmistakably by Gibson, English dowagers instantly recognizable as by Du Maurier, kings and courtiers that only Abbey could have so gloriously presented.

Many years ago "Porte Crayon" added interest to the Magazine with his own sketches illustrating his descriptions of American scenes,

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

and since his time the art of illustrating has wonderfully advanced, helped on as it has been by new and important processes of reproduction. Gradually there came what has been termed the golden age of the wood-engraving, and since then the art of illustrating has advanced to the even more brilliantly golden age of color-printing, which gives new dignity and beauty to beautiful or dignified pictures. The color processes, for reproduction, have reached, since their successful beginning a score of years ago, such a degree of excellence as permits the reproduction of an artist's work with all its charm, not only of form, but of color and atmosphere.

Among the most notable illustrators that Harper's has ever had was George du Maurier. It was in the late '80's that the Magazine began publishing full-page pictures by him which not only were a delight in themselves, but which established the present-day American ideas of what English society is like. That series of full-page pictures is still remembered as one of the most important of magazine and artistic achievements.

The connection of Du Maurier with the Magazine continued until his death; and how many have similarly dropped off! Of many illustrators and authors, as the decades have passed, may it be said, as of Du Maurier, that they gave the flower of their work to the upbuilding of



EDWIN A. ABBEY



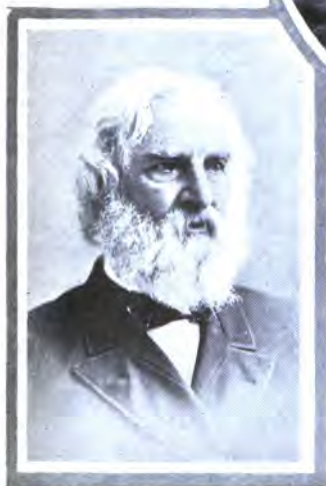
ALGERNON CHARLES
SWINBURNE



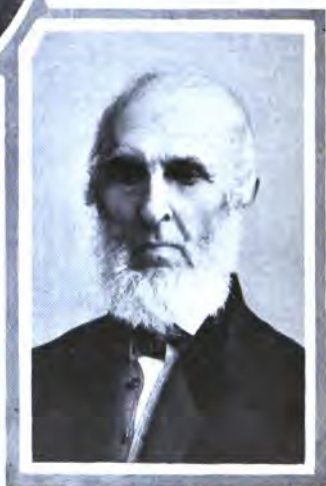
GEORGE DU MAURIER



WALT WHITMAN



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

SOME FAMOUS POETS AND ARTISTS WHOSE WORK HAS APPEARED IN HARPER'S

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THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Harper's. And it may be added that it has been seldom that anything but death has broken a close connection once begun. And always, as the soldiers of this literary and pictorial army have fallen in the onward sweep, there have been others to step into their places and move forward with the inspiring traditions of the Magazine.

With Du Maurier, Harper's made the discovery that he was uniquely notable as a writer as well as an artist; in 1891 it so fully recognized the merits of "Peter Ibbetson," as written and illustrated by him, as to give it serially to the world. Later, in 1893, came the astonishing "Trilby," with his incomparable illustrations; an epoch-making book, distinctive, unforgettable, full of fire and life, a book to be remembered for the sake of the story and the pictures alike. And it is merely characteristic that all this work appeared in Harper's.

After "Trilby" came serially "The Martian," and before its publication was finished Du Maurier died, and Henry James, who knew him well personally, wrote in the Magazine lovingly and appreciatively of the great man who had gone.

But James did not tell of the most curious episode of their acquaintance, which was that Du Maurier, after planning "Trilby" and before writing any of it, hesitated about further ven-

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

turing into the field of authorship, and, telling James the entire plan of the story, offered it to him to write! But James refused. It was a good story, he said. Du Maurier must himself have the triumph of it. Let Du Maurier write it out as he had just told it, with the same simplicity and directness, and it would be a great success. And Du Maurier followed his advice.

It was early in the '80's that Howard Pyle and A. B. Frost—one dead but a few years ago and the other still continuing with admirable work—began to loom large in the Magazine as illustrators, and the thronging in of younger men has never taken away from the value of their amazing work; and amazing it indeed has been in quality and quantity alike.

In the early years of the Magazine the principal artists formed a sort of actual staff and did most of their work in a room in the old Harper building. For years Charles Parsons was the art manager, himself a water-colorist, but far more important as manager and inspirer. Frost and Pyle developed under his eye, and Edwin A. Abbey actually worked for a time in the art-room, as did also John W. Alexander, who did important work for Harper's.

The career of Alexander was remarkable. As a mere lad he began to work under the direction of Parsons, and he liked to remark in the days of his great fame, when he was president of the

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

National Academy of Design, that in the first days of his art education he actually swept out the Harper art-room!

C. S. Reinhart was for some time the senior member of the Harper staff, and his ability was freely recognized not only here, but in London and Paris. Others whose work was prominently identified with the Magazine at this time were W. A. Rogers, W. T. Smedley, and Frederic Remington, and a little later came Albert Sterner and hosts of other brilliant younger men and women, including Elizabeth Shippen Green, all of whose work appears in Harper's.

Quite a proportion of the best Harper illustrators have also been writers, notably Thackeray and Du Maurier, who made pictures for their own work. Notable also has been the work of Howard Pyle along this line with illustrations of his buccaneer and other stories of the past, and notable have been the articles written and illustrated by Remington, and the work of Joseph Pennell.

Among the Harper artists has towered Edwin A. Abbey, with wealth of imagination and richness of style, with pictures unsurpassed for glory of color and costume. His affiliation with the Magazine was long continued and splendidly notable; I think it is not too much to say that his pictures made for Harper's for the illustration of the plays of Shakespeare, beginning

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

with those for "The Merry Wives of Windsor" in 1889 and continuing with pomp and glory through year after year, were the best illustrations of the work of any author ever made by any artist. He presented the people of the past as the lovely and glorious and human beings that Shakespeare meant them to be; and the English themselves so appreciated him as to deem it only fitting that he should be the artist chosen by royal invitation to paint the coronation of Edward the Seventh.

Not only did he picture Shakespeare for Harper's, but he also gave illustrations for Oliver Goldsmith and the quaint and old-time songs of Robert Herrick; and there comes to the memory his superb illustrations for the haunting old verses of "Barbara Allen."

As his most-loved subjects thus came in connection with the pomp and glory of the distinguished European past, the atmosphere of Broadway was not congenial, whereupon he established himself on the other side of the Atlantic, and for a time at another Broadway, the charming Broadway of England—village as it is with a profound appeal of the ancient and the lovably picturesque—and later he acquired as a home the fine old Morgan Hall in Gloucestershire.

Still, whether or not to go abroad for foreign pictures seems to be a matter of individual



THE HOUSE OF HARPER

The illustration is reproduced from an old print and shows how Franklin Square appeared in 1855.

These buildings, completed in 1854 and replacing the former establishment destroyed by the great fire of 1853, cover more than half an acre. They were the first fire-proof buildings of any considerable magnitude erected in the City of New York.

The main building, facing Franklin Square, contains the business offices, editorial rooms, and warerooms. In the rear of this building is another of equal size, facing on Cliff Street. This contains the vast printing establishment and bindery where Harper's Magazine and the many millions of Harper books are manufactured. Communication within the buildings, from one floor to another, is by a circular staircase contained in a round brick tower in the center of the courtyard. Iron bridges reach from this tower to the different floors. The buildings have remained without material changes as erected up to the present time.

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THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

temperament, after all. Howard Pyle had a positive love for painting castles and armored knights, yet he never even crossed the ocean until the last journey of his life. And it was long ago, in the pages of Harper's Magazine, that Du Maurier's Laird was described as painting Spanish pictures with pronounced success until an evil fate led him for the first time to visit Spain.

CHAPTER VIII

ONE of the most memorable of those who have been associated with Harper's Magazine was George William Curtis. He was distinctively a many-sided man. He was traveler, writer, man of the world; for years, and indeed until the close of his life, he took an active part in political thought and political affairs; in his youth he had been one of the band who found deep inspiration at Brook Farm. His first acquaintance with Harper's was when, a young man still under thirty, he entered the establishment and suggested that they publish a book he had just written on the subject of his travels along the Nile. He was told that the firm had at that very time a book on hand upon that very subject, whereupon he turned to go, but was checked by the remark, made on account of something unusual that was discerned in his voice or his looks or his manner, that the fact of their having one book need not necessarily prevent them from having another. The immediate result was an agreement to publish his volume, and a further result, lasting for forty years, was his connection with the Maga-

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

zine, which at that time had had less than two years of existence.

From time to time during the course of his long association articles would appear under his name, full of charm, of literary flavor, of genial wisdom, but these signed articles represented but a small portion of what he did for the Magazine, his principal work for the forty years of his connection with it being to occupy the department known as "The Easy Chair" and to write monthly on men and events in general just as pleased his delightful fancy.

The work was not anonymous: it was known that Curtis was the author of those monthly reviews of the entire field of life; and he won a unique fame in American literature.

He was personally a man much loved. All who knew him gave him honor and affection. He died in 1892 and his last "Easy Chair" appeared in November of that year and was an essay full of earnestness and grace, on the subject of Christmas. Then came the announcement of his death; the Magazine telling of him, with grave appreciation, as "a great moral and literary force, a wise counselor, a sympathetic companion, a beloved friend." And it did him the greatest honor in its power by discontinuing the department.

For eight years the Chair was disused: and then the Magazine announced that it had once

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

more chosen an occupant and that it was to be William Dean Howells; and Howells, in accepting the place, wrote feelingly of Curtis, of his "sweet and reasonable mood, the righteous conscience incarnate in the studied art, the charming literary allusion, the genial philosophy, the wisdom, the large patience and undying hopefulness"; and since then, beginning in 1901, Mr. Howells has sat in the "Easy Chair."

The first connection of Howells with the Magazine was made over half a century ago, in 1862, when it published his poem of Saint Christopher, beginning:

In that narrow Venetian street,
On the wall above the garden-gate
(Within, the breath of the rose is sweet,
And the nightingale sings there, soon and late),
Stands Saint Christopher, carven in stone,
With a little child in his huge caress,
And the arms of the baby Jesus thrown
About his gigantic tenderness.

The lines are dated "Venice, August 1863," for Howells is to be remembered among those writers who, fortunately for America and for literature, have been sent to represent their country abroad—always with the quite unofficial duty of gathering literary material. He had written a life of Lincoln; and his literary ability, even in those early years, had been so

AN ENDOWED SUBSCRIPTION

General J. J. Elwell, of Cleveland, Ohio, served through the Civil War with great distinction. In 1899, at the age of eighty, he visited the office of Harper's Magazine and expressed the desire to endow a perpetual subscription. General Elwell said he had read Harper's Magazine from the first number and should continue to do so for the remainder of his life. He particularly wished that

when he passed away some one of his heirs should get Harper's Magazine and that the subscription might go on from generation to generation forever, or as long as Harper's was published. What would it cost? He was told a sum that at a fair rate of interest would earn the subscription price each year. General Elwell



REPRODUCED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
OF GENERAL ELWELL TAKEN AT
BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA,
DURING THE WAR



GENERAL J. J. ELWELL'S LAST
PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN A FEW
DAYS BEFORE HIS DEATH
IN 1900

promptly drew his check for that amount, saying that no bequest in his will would give him greater satisfaction than a perpetual subscription for Harper's Magazine. General Elwell has passed away, but it will be the good fortune of Miss Clara E. Hodge, of Boy Village, Ohio, who inherited this endowed subscription, to receive Harper's Magazine for the rest of her life and by her will pass it on to her next of kin.

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THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

quickly recognized that he was sent as consul to Venice.

It was many years before he made a close association with the Magazine. In the '60's there were two other poems and then nothing until 1882, when there appeared a long poem on Venice called "Pordenone," of which he recently wrote, with humorous geniality, that, "I still do not think that it was so very bad."

Howells was long in coming to New York because he was frankly in love with Boston. He had approached Boston, as he has himself written, "as a passionate pilgrim from the West approached his Holy Land"; and it took him, Ohio-born as he was, longer than New Englanders themselves to realize that the literary scepter had passed to New York.

He came to Harper's, notably in the '80's, with clever farces written with the intent of being read as literary productions rather than to be acted—although it gratified him very much when one of these little plays was presented in London with a cast including Miss Ellen Terry and Mrs. Kendall.

His "Indian Summer" began in Harper's in 1885 and "April Hopes" in 1887, and with these his active connection with the Magazine fairly began, and for years he devoted to it his entire time, writing serials and travel sketches and stories which have been followed with pro-

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

found interest by his admirers. The dean of American letters became, like Mark Twain, highly honored by the House of Harper, and he also, like Clemens, gave the best that was in him in return.

The present editor-in-chief of the Magazine, Henry M. Alden, eighth in descent from John Alden of the "Mayflower," has been in close association with the Magazine almost from its beginning. Henry J. Raymond (later the founder of the New York Times) was the first editor; then came Alfred H. Guernsey; then Alden. His connection began in 1863, when, recently graduated from Williams College, he was attached as an assistant editor; and he smilingly says that, Vermont-born as he was, he never forgets the precise day upon which he walked into Franklin Square, because it was the anniversary of that important Vermont event, the battle of Bennington.

In 1869 Alden became editor; he has been editor ever since; and what a marvelous line of authors has been personally met or written to by him in his half a century of service! What hundreds of thousands of manuscripts have passed under his eyes! There is nothing in literary history to equal such length of important editorial service.

From the first, the House of Harper and the Magazine have felt their connections in a human

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

spirit and that is why the House and the Magazine make devoted and lifelong friendships.

From the first the aim has been at something more than money-making alone. That, of course, was never to be overlooked, but always there has been something equally important. It has always seemed typical that it was not until long after its foundation that the Magazine began to publish advertisements. It wished to avoid the appearance of aiming much at money, but rather of standing, as it really stood, for literature. It gradually became plain that its exclusion of advertisements was unnecessary. The Magazine came to realize that the public has a right to the best advertisements and that a periodical has a right to the income. To-day Harper's carries more high-class advertising than any other high-priced magazine in the world, and its readers would resent their omission. But the non-advertisement policy was altogether likable, based as it was on the same ideals which make the magazine of to-day exclude all advertising that is in any way unworthy.

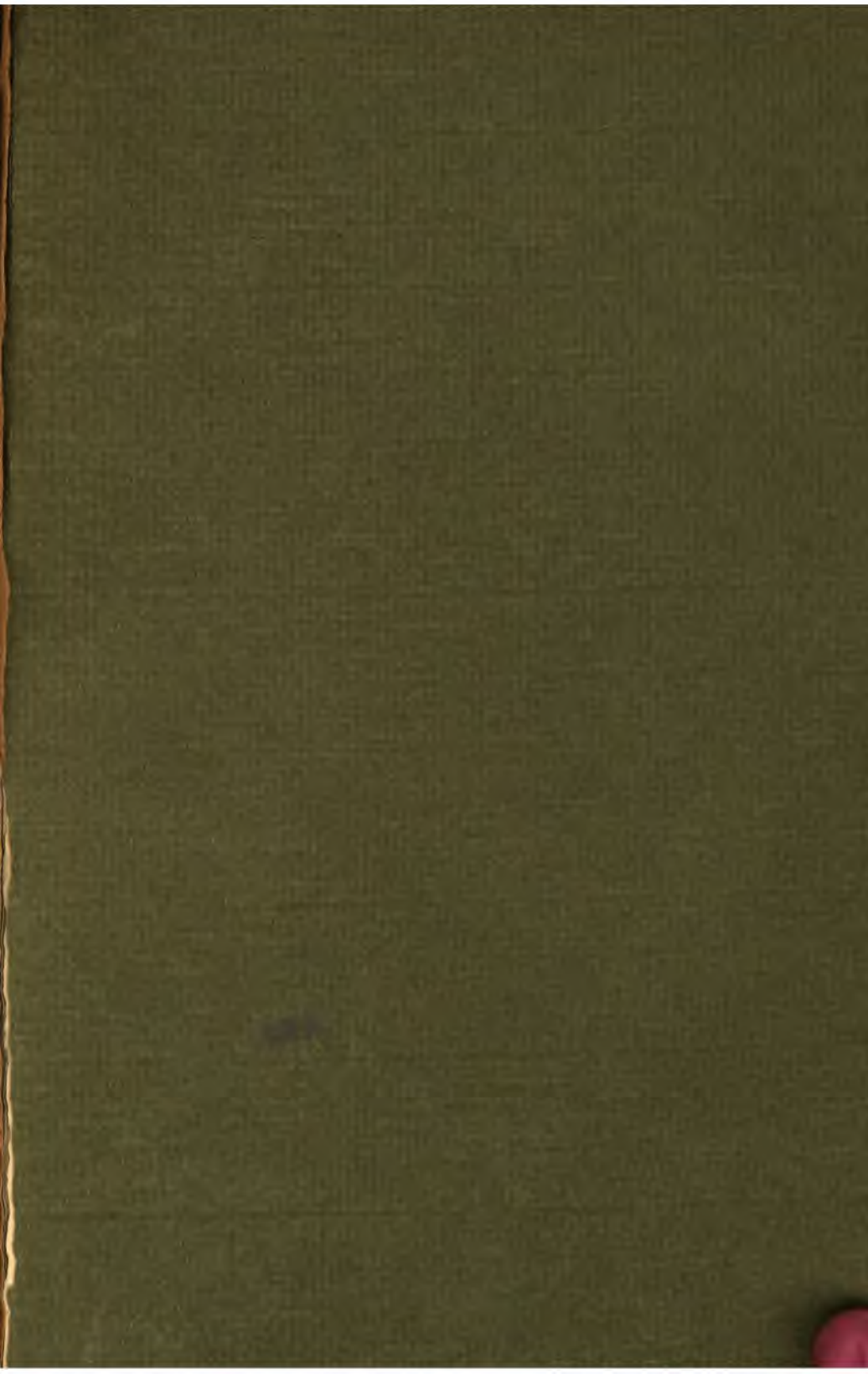
There has constantly been felt by the Magazine a deep sense of responsibility to the public for what is placed before them, and always there has been a standard of personal dignity to be upheld. There have been few hampering rules; practically nothing but that the Magazine must

THE STORY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

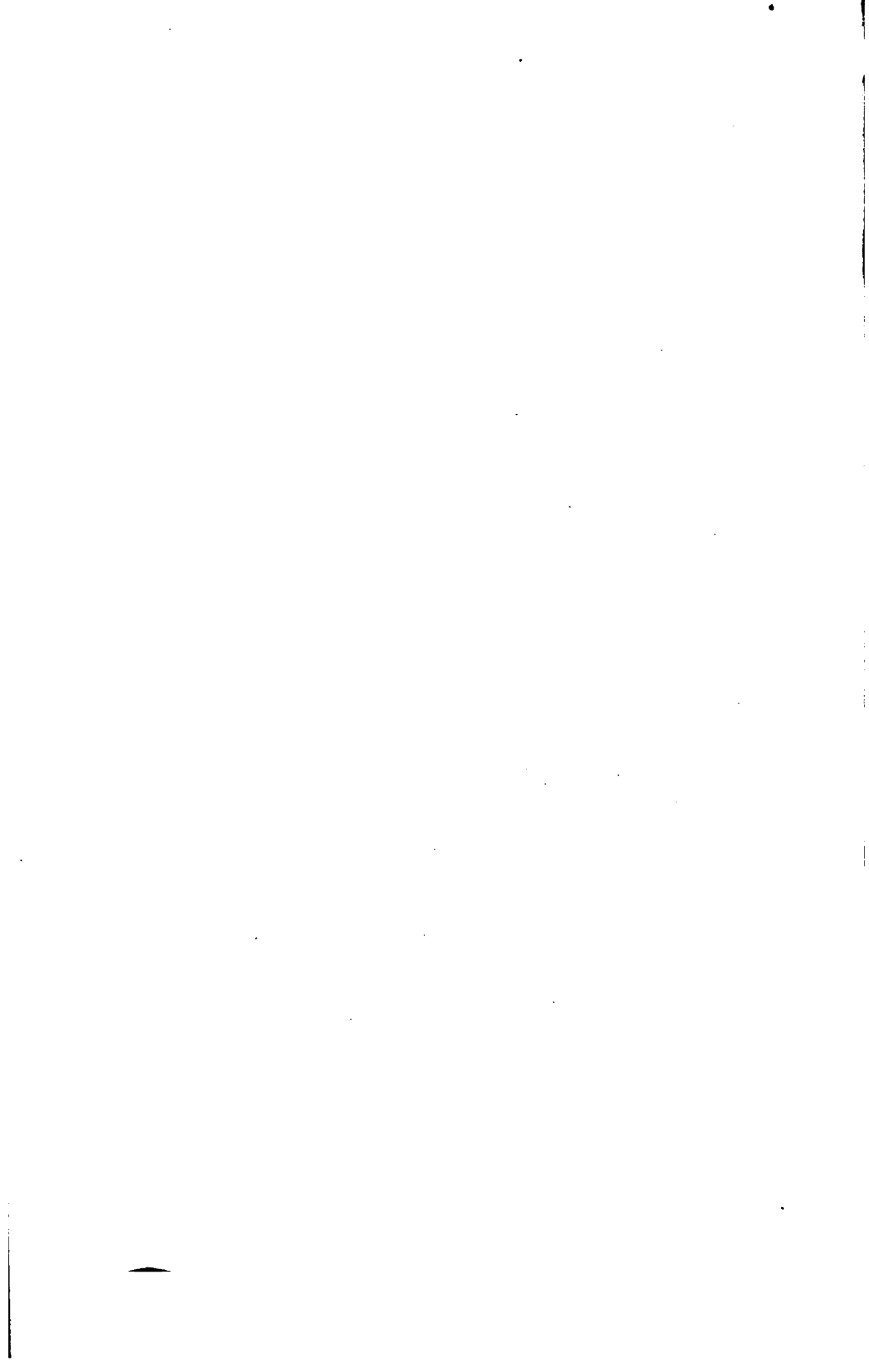
always stand for distinction and decency. There has never been "muck-raking," nor has there been the exploitation of crime or graft, for the Magazine has always believed that such subjects are adequately treated in the daily press.

Throughout, the inherited traditions have been honorably maintained; it has kept pace with the times, but it has never been forgotten that the Magazine is unwaveringly planned for families, for intelligent and cultivated readers; and it goes on its way in the pride and strength of distinction fairly won and never relinquished.





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